

The history

melancholy if you will fauour the man. But by my head his pride: but why, why, let him shew vs a cause?

*Nest.* What mooues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

*Vliss.* *Achilles* hath inuegled his foole from him,

*Nest.* Who *Thersites*? *Vliss.* He.

*Nest.* The wil *Aiax* lack matter, if he haue lost his argumēt.

*Vliss.* No you see he is his argument, that has his argument *Achilles*.

*Nest.* All the better, their fractiō is more our wish then their faction, but it was a strōg composure a foole could disunite.

*Vliss.* The amity that wil dom knits not, folly may easily vntye, Heere comes *Patroclus*.

*Nest.* No *Achilles* with him.

*Vliss.* The Elephant hath ioyns, but none for courtesie, His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

*Patr.* *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry,

If any thing more then your sport and pleasure.

Did moone your greatnesse, and this noble state,

To call vpon him. He hopes it is no other

But for your health, and your digestion sake,

An after dinners breath.

*Agam.* Heete you *Patroclus*:

We are too well acquainted with these answers,

But his euasion winged thus swift with scorne,

Cannot out-slie our apprehensions,

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason

Why we ascribe it to him. Yet all his vertues,

Not vertuously on his owne part beheld,

Doe in our eyes begin to lose their glosse,

Yea like faire fruite in an vnholosome dish,

Are like to rott vntasted. Go and tell him,

We come to speake with him, and you shall not sinne,

If you do say, we thinke him ouer-proud

And vnder-honest in selfe assumption greater

Then in the note of iudgement. And worthier then himselfe

Heere tend the sauage strangenesse he puts on

Disguise, the holy strength of their commaund,

And vnder-write in an obseruing kinde,

His humorous predominance: yea watch

of *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

His course, and time, his ebbs and flowes, and if

The passage, and whole streame of his commencement,

Rode on his tide. Goe tell him this, and adde,

That if he ouer-hold his price so much,

Weele none of him. But let him like an engine,

Not portable, lye vnder this report.

Bring action hither, this cannot go to warre,

A stirring dwarfe we doe allowance giue,

Before a sleeping gyant. Tell him so.

*Patr.* I shall, and bring his answer presently.

*Agam.* In second voyce weele not be satisfied,

We come to speake with him: *Vlisses* entertaine.

*Aiax.* What is he more then another.

*Agam.* No more then what he thinks he is.

*Aiax.* Is he so much: doe you not thinke he thinks him-  
selfe a better man then I am?

*Agam.* No question.

*Aiax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is.

*Agam.* No noble *Aiax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as  
wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether  
more tractable.

*Aia.* Why should a man be proud: how doth pride grow?  
I know not what pride is.

*Agam.* Your minde is the cleerer, and your vertues the  
fairer, hee that is proud eates vp him-selfe: Pride is his  
owne glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne chronicle, and  
what euer praises it selfe but in the deed, deuoures the  
deed in the praise.

Enter *Vlisses*.

*Aiax.* I do hate a proud man, as I do hate the ingendering  
of Toades.

*Nest.* And yet he loues himselfe, is not strange?

*Vliss.* *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

*Agam.* Whats his excuse?

*Vliss.* He doth relye on none.

But carries on the streame of his dispose,  
Without obseruance, or respect of any.  
In will peculiar, and in selfe admissiō.